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THE MAY QUEEN,

Cantata in Three Parts.

Poetry by

ALFRED TENNYSON,

MUSIC COMPOSED AND MOST CORDIALLY DEDICATED TO

HIS FRIEND

Lewis Gaylord Clark Esq.

OF NEW YORK

by

WILLIAM R. DEMPSTER.

Pr: 50 Cts. nett.

PART FIRST

Represents the May Queen; full of joyousness and hope on the Eve of May Day.

PART SECOND

New Years Eve - declined in health, requesting her Mother to call her to see the Sun rise upon the New Year - a sight she never expects to enjoy again.

PART THIRD

The return of Spring - still alive, when the first flowers are out "The beautiful Blue Violets" - expecting to die, with the assurance of a blessed Immortality - informing her Mother and sister Effie, that she has been called to Heaven by the Angels.

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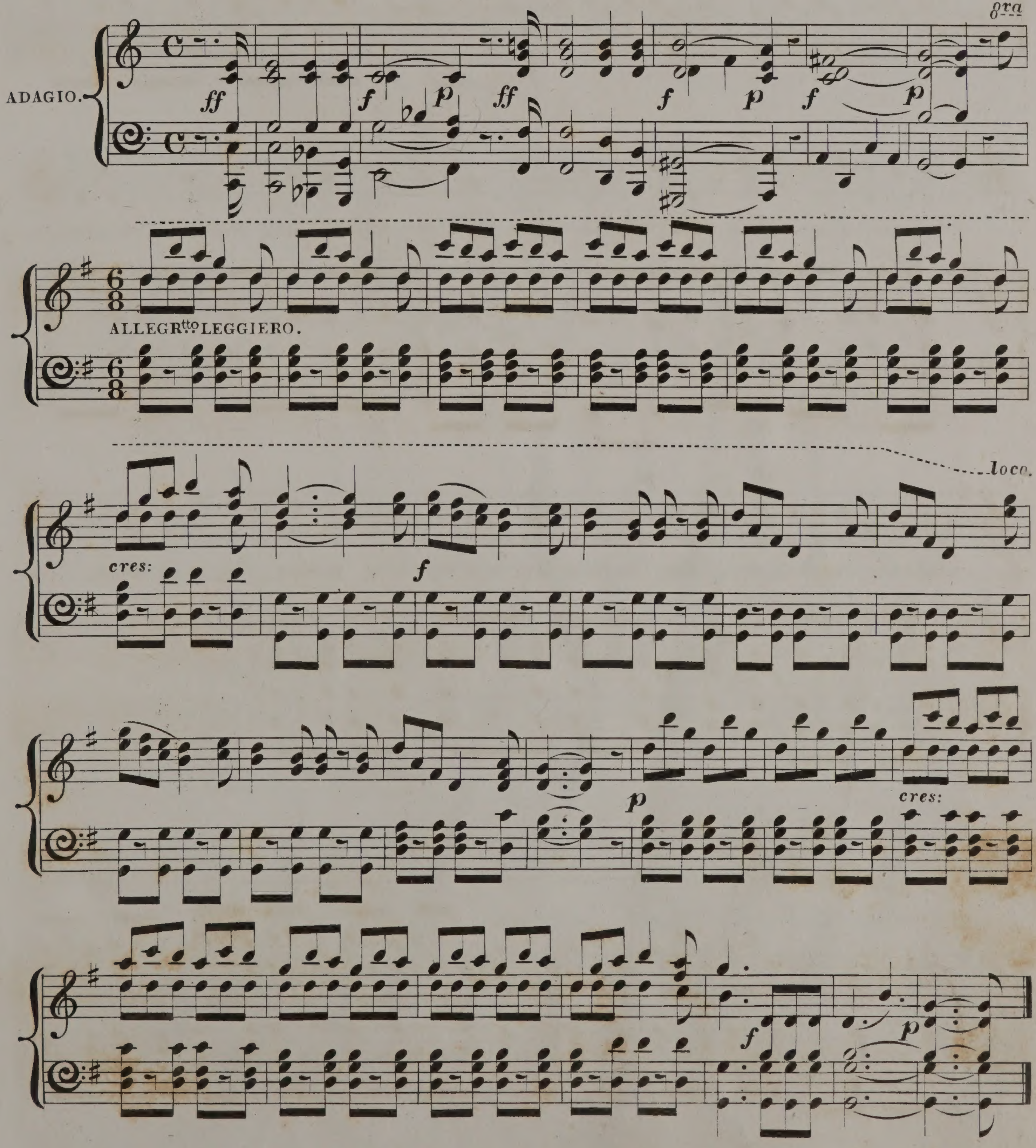
THE MAY QUEEN.

PART FIRST.

The Poetry by **ALFRED TENNYSON** Esq.

The Music by **WILLIAM R. DEMPSTER.**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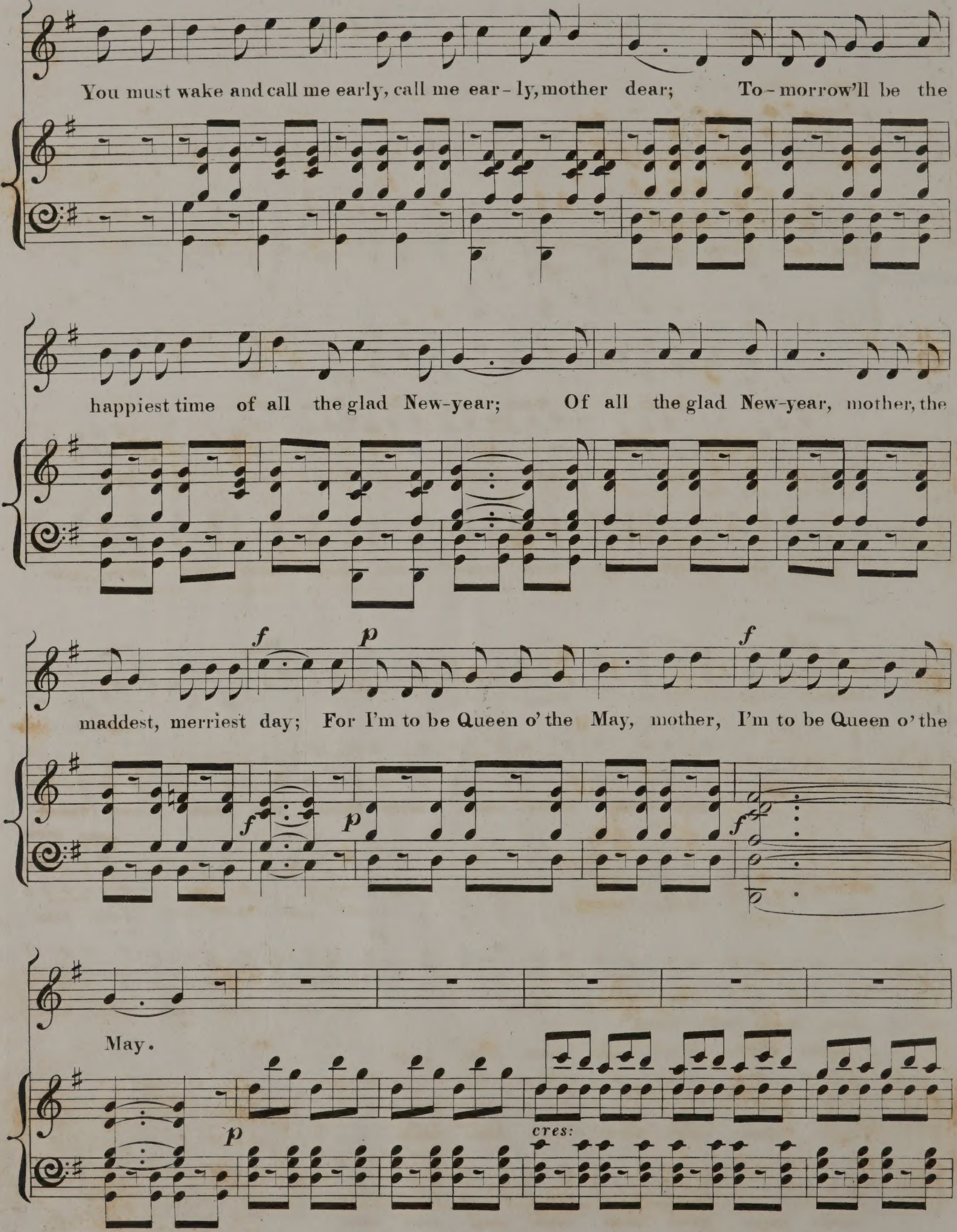
You must wake and call me early, call me ear - ly, mother dear; To - morrow'll be the
happiest time of all the glad New-year; Of all the glad New-year, mother, the
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maddest, merriest day; For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the
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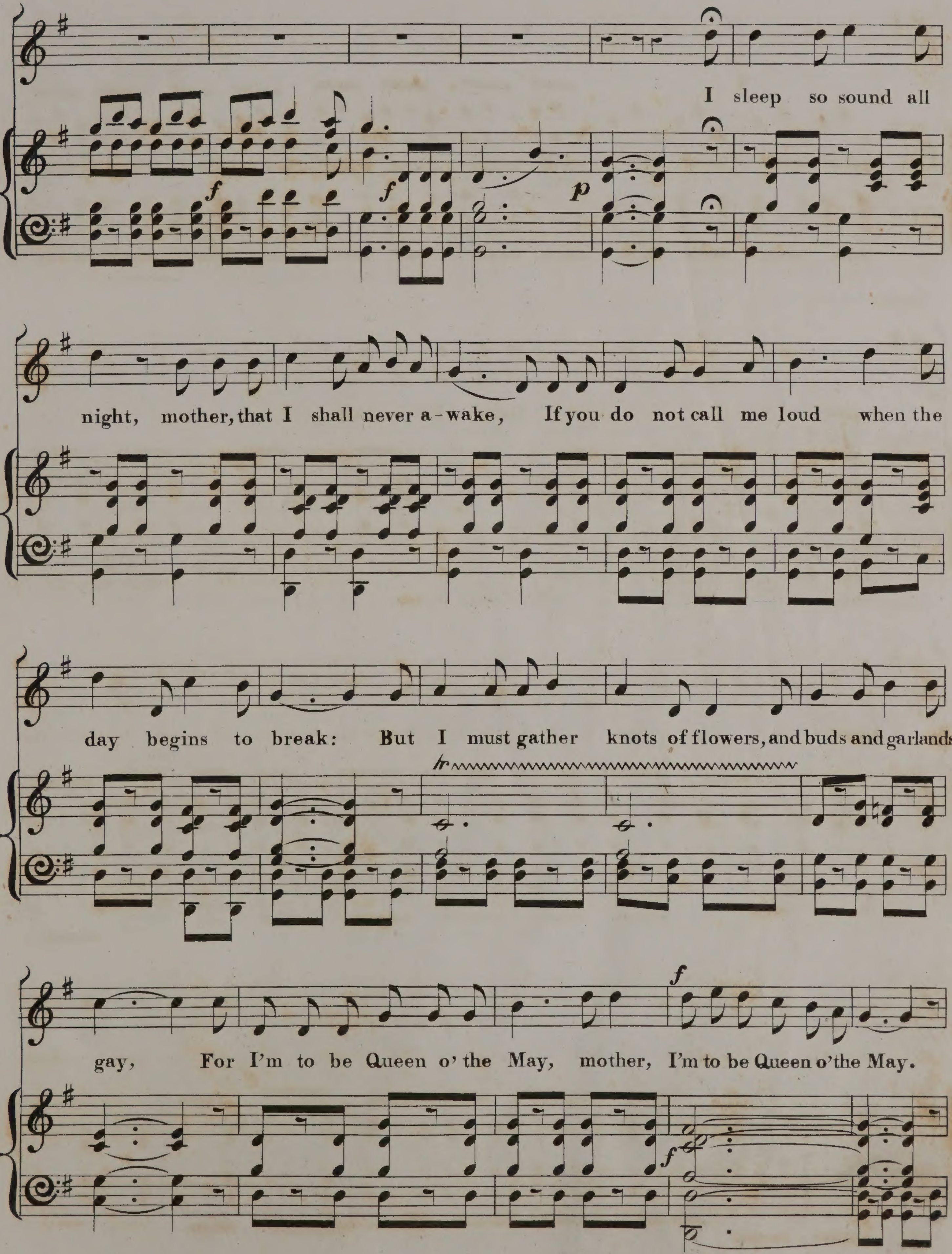
I sleep so sound all
night, mother, that I shall never a-wake, If you do not call me loud when the
day begins to break: But I must gather knots of flowers, and buds and garlands
gay, For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o'the May.
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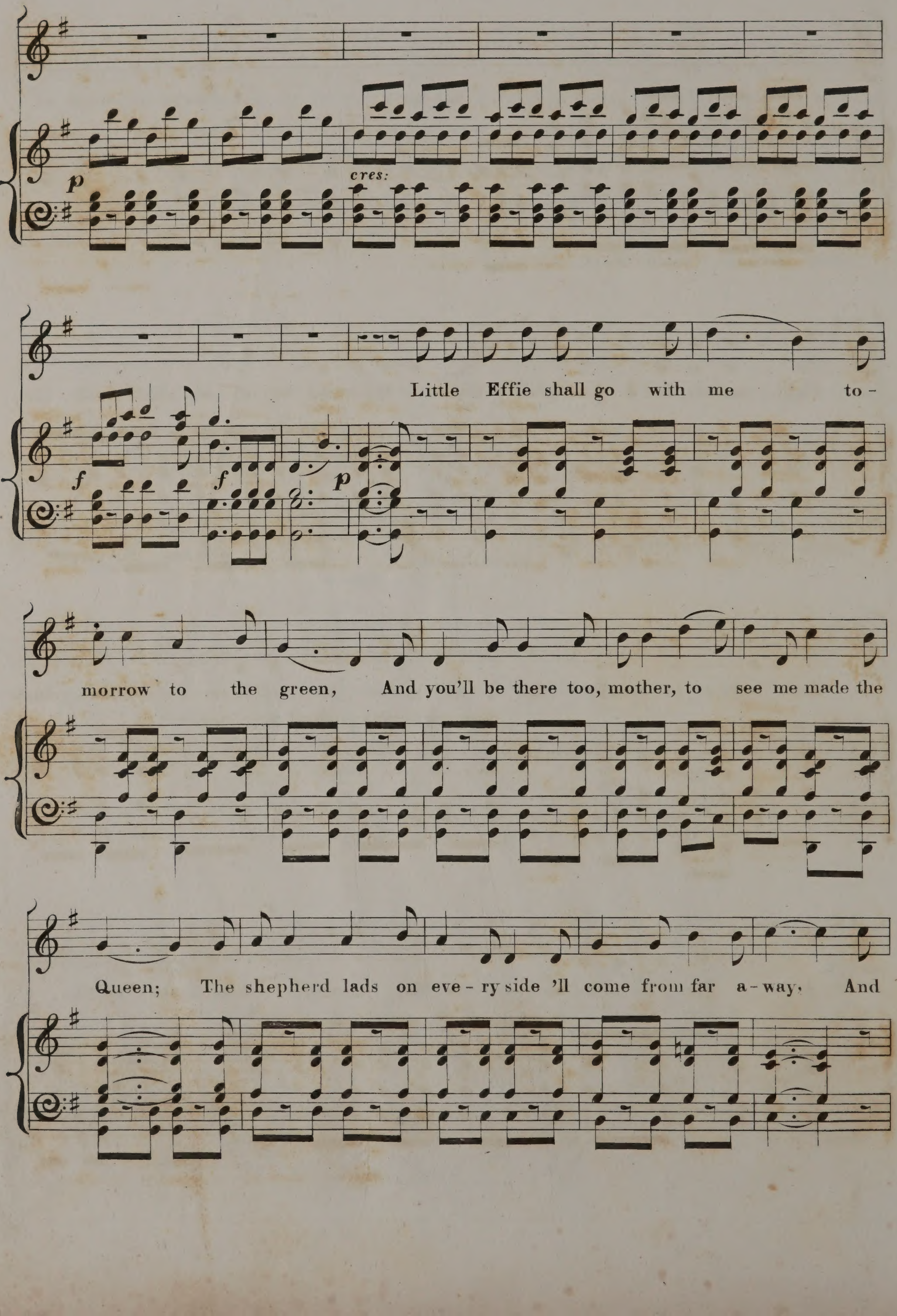
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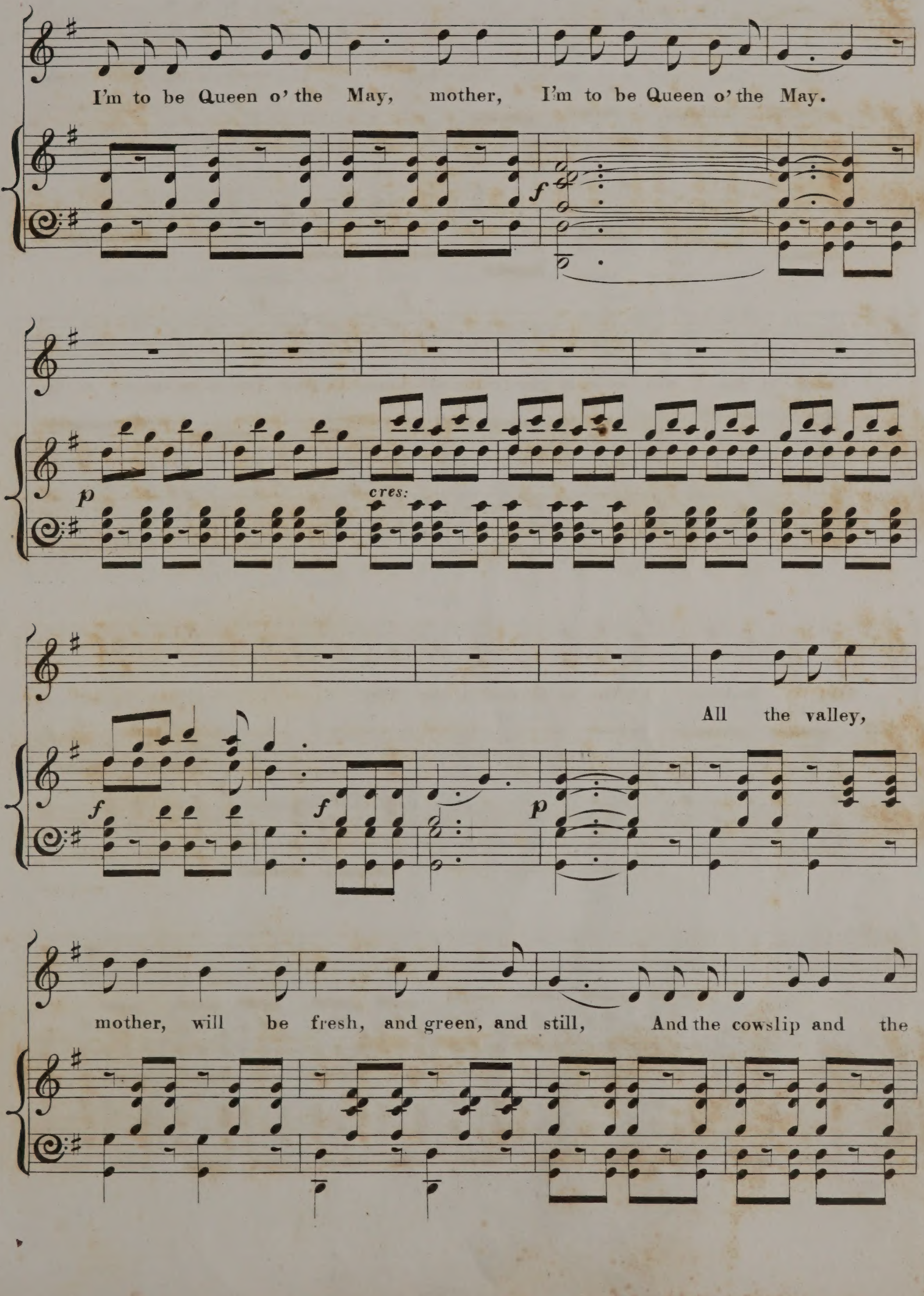
Little Effie shall go with me to-
morrow to the green, And you'll be there too, mother, to see me made the
Queen; The shepherd lads on eve-ry side 'll come from far a-way, And


I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.
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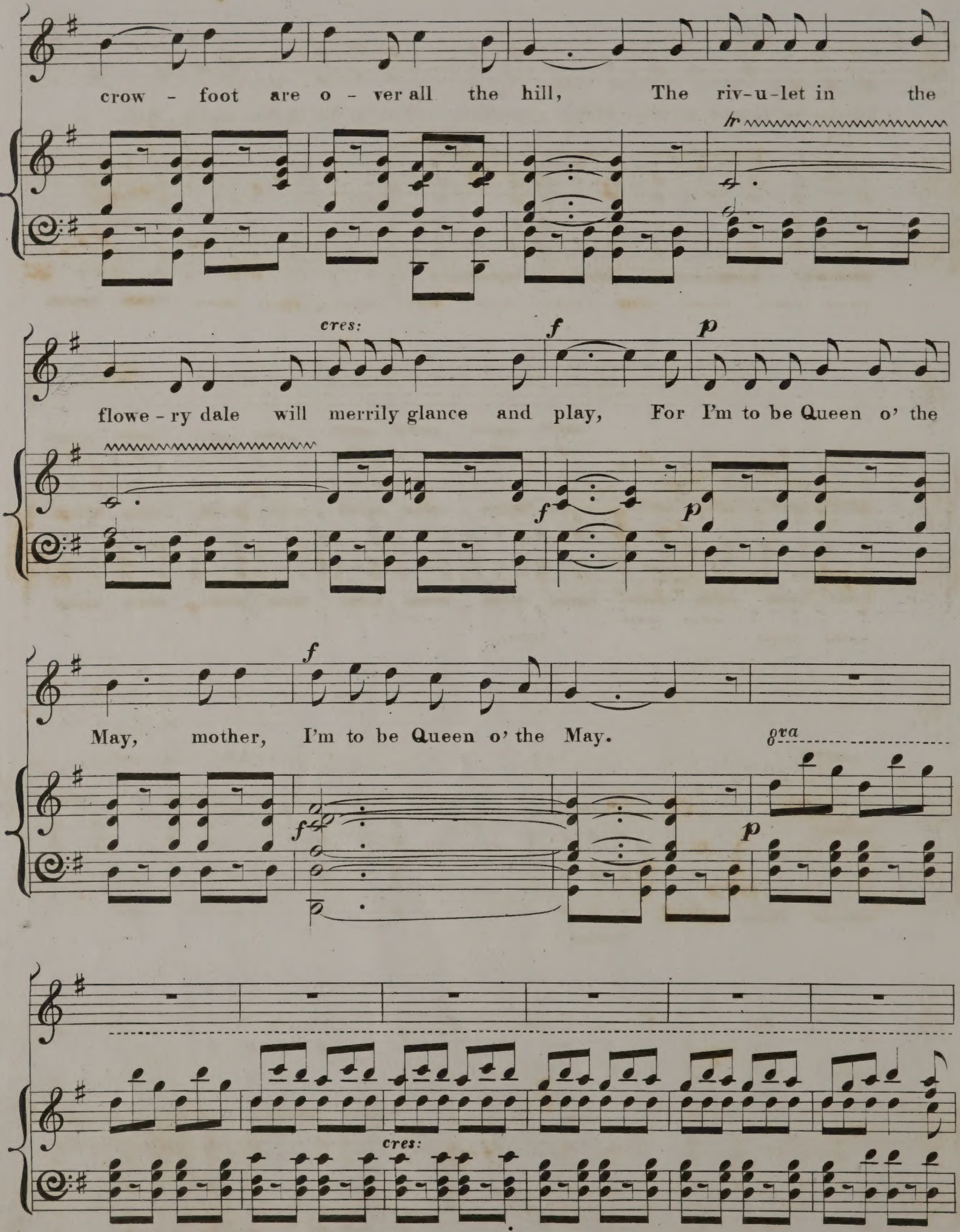
All the valley,
mother, will be fresh, and green, and still, And the cowslip and the


crow - foot are o - ver all the hill, The riv-u-let in the
tr
flowe - ry dale will merrily glance and play, For I'm to be Queen o' the
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May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.
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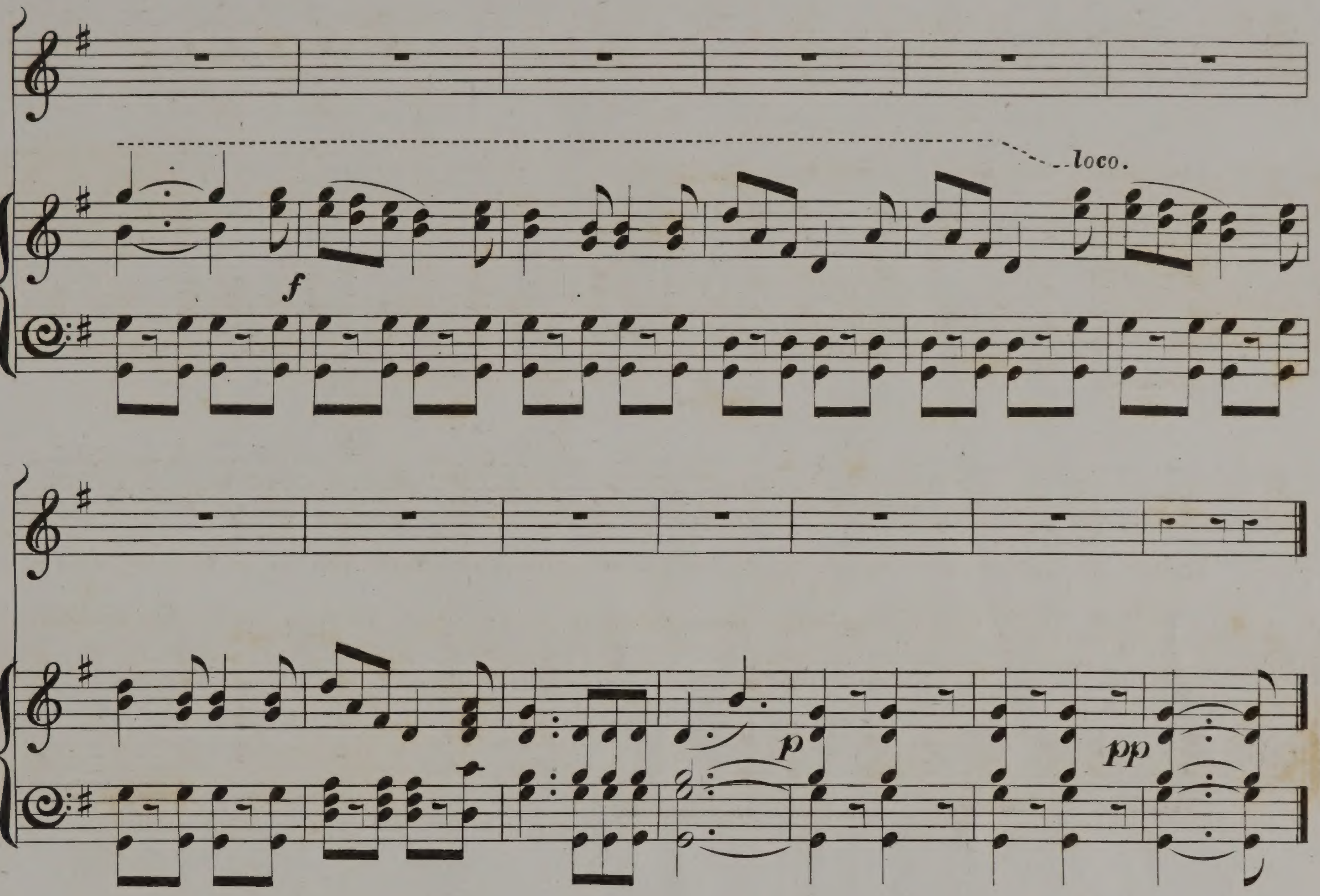

5

The night winds come and go, mother, upon the meadow grass,
And the happy stars above them seem to brighten as they pass;
There will not be a drop o' rain the whole o' the livelong day,
And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

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So you must wake and call me early, call me early, mother dear,
To-morrow 'll be the happiest time of all the glad New-year:
To-morrow 'll be of all the year the maddest, merriest day,
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

END OF THE FIRST PART.